

The Moon's Secret Smile

A Love Story by Dr. J

Chapter 1: When Two Souls Meet... Before They Even Know

It was just another normal college day...

The sun was shining...

The world was moving...

Nobody in the whole universe even realized...

That two souls just crossed paths for the first time.

At first, she was just a girl in the crowd.

But little by little...

Every smile...

Every laugh...

Every small conversation...

Started to plant something inside my heart...

A seed...

A tiny black hole that would suck my whole universe into her without even realizing it.

Chapter 2: The Moon's Secret Smile

One day, fate decided to react.

We were chosen as leaders for a club activity. That night, she called me.
A simple three-minute conversation-nothing special, but something unexpected.
The next day, we sat together in the lab, creating a presentation.
She worked with perfection, her focus sharp.

And I?

I watched her the way one watches the moon-silent admiration, endless fascination.

Evening came, everyone left. It was just the two of us, still working.
A mistake in August made us laugh. The program day arrived, and in the morning, I called her.
Later, as I walked to another class, we met-just inches apart.
For the first time, I saw her up close.

Her face-soft as moonlight.
Her lips-like the color of ripe apples.
I was petrified.

That night, under the vast sky, my telescope pointed at the moon.
She stood beside me.
"Let me see the moon through your telescope," she said.

As she looked through it, I smiled to myself.

She: "The moon is beautiful, isn't it?"

And in my heart, I whispered:

"The moon is watching the moon through my telescope... what a wonderful thing in the universe."

That moment-just that-was enough for me. Even if she never loved me, this moment was mine, for eternity.

Chapter 3: The Universe's Silent Game

Days passed. Then weeks. Then months.

And just like that-she was gone.

She had deleted my number.

Not because of me.

But because of a misunderstanding.

Frustrated, I deleted hers too.

Months later, in class, a professor asked us to call one of the girls.

My friend searched but found every number blocked.

Then he asked me.

"I don't have her number," I said.

And then... her number appeared on my screen.

I had deleted it.

Hadn't I?

I froze. My friend laughed. "Bro, you said you don't have it-then what is this?"

I had no answer.

Later, my AirPods disconnected. The call was answered.

A second of silence.

Then, her voice.

Soft. Familiar. Unchanged.

"Who is this?"

I hesitated. Then finally,

"It's me..."

A pause.

"Oh. Okay... Tell me, what is it?"

Some stories never truly disappear. Some moments refuse to be erased.

Was this just coincidence?

Or was the universe refusing to let us go?